

Bloody Catbirds, Murder and Family Fun

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Fandom:

[Homestuck](#)

Relationship:

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Character:

[Davepetasprite \(Homestuck\)](#), [Dave Strider](#), [Dirk's Bro](#) | [Alpha Dave Strider](#), [Dirk Strider](#), [Dave's Bro](#) | [Beta Dirk Strider](#), [Rose Lalonde](#), [Roxy's Mom](#) | [Alpha Rose Lalonde](#), [Roxy Lalonde](#), [Rose's Mom](#) | [Beta Roxy Lalonde](#), [John Egbert](#), [Jade Harley](#), [Jane Crocker](#), [Jake English](#), [Mallek Adalov](#)

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Bloody Catbirds, Murder and Family Fun

by [09Pyros](#) [09Hydros](#)

Summary

Derrick Strider was 17 when he was rescued by a murderous angel. He was 18 when his nephews were born and he was 20 when they were kidnapped and killed. Years later, he finds his murderous angel raising his nephews and as a cannibalistic freelance hitman assassin. That should not be hot but it is.

Dirk and Dave Sprite were twins, they knew that mom/dad wasn't actually their parent, it was obvious from the wings that they had but they didn't care. They loved them and would do anything for them. They were 13 when their biological family found them, which was cool but uncle or not, Derrick should stay away from their parent.

Deilos Sprite was really surprised at how violent this universe was but didn't mind. They didn't expect adopting Dirk and Dave as their own pair of kittens/chicks/kids but didn't mind. Raising them as assassins and hitmen? Weird but didn't mind again. They tried to stay away from the Strilondes but they couldn't stay away forever. Was it wrong to be attracted to the alternate version of their once older brother? Maybe? Well cannibalism was wrong too but they didn't mind that.

Notes

no. restraint. whatsoever.

I'M SORRY (NO I'M NOT) BUT I'VE BEEN ITCHING TO WRITE PSYCHO MURDER STRIDERS FOR A WHILE!!!

It's like Stubborn Flocks but less supernatural and more family-involved.

I'm just.

I have no excuse TuT.

Murder, Family and Fun

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He was gasping for breath as his tired, soaked, bloody and battered body laid against the asphalt road of the bridge. His hands were still tied behind his back but he could hear the screams and shouts behind him, his sight was blurry and his mind was going in and out of his consciousness- he'd probably faint soon.

He couldn't do that, not when he had to see who the actual fuck managed to save him from falling into the shallow waters underneath the bridge. He struggled to move his head, his eyes squinting as he tried to focus his blurred eyesight.

Light green and orange.

*He could see someone with light green and orange wings flying about the bridge, attacking the men from the Oriander Group, the bastards that tried to go against him and his family. He couldn't keep awake, but he managed to stay awake just long enough for the figure- the **angel** to be done and to return to his side.*

"Fucking rest Bro, you'll be fine."

He blacked out, feeling a hand running through his hair and his restraints being cut.

Orange eyes blinked groggily as a loud noise sounded in his room, it was his alarm. He groaned, shifting on his bed to lean over and turn off his alarm on his phone.

"That again..." He sighed, lying back and covering his eyes with his arm, mostly to stall the fact he was awake and to stew over the dream- no, the *memory* he had dreamt in his sleep. It was a decade ago, when he was around eighteen years old, an enemy group, the Orianders had kidnapped him, fully intending on killing him to get to his brother and his wife.

He really thought he was going to die by their hands, beaten, bloody and bruised, hands tied behind his back and pushed off a bridge towards shallow water- he wouldn't be able to survive that.

But miraculously, he had been saved.

A murderous angel, he had called them whoever they were. He could vividly remember the glowing orange and green wings that stood out in the night sky. No one believed him obviously but he *knew* it had been real.

Derrick yawned, finally sitting up as he checked the time on his phone, it was just ten minutes past his set alarm time, around five-forty in the morning. Time to get up. He kicked off his blankets, climbing out of bed to head towards his bathroom.

His name was Derrick Strider, he was thirty-two years old and the younger brother to the esteemed David Strider, speaking of his older brother...

Derrick's phone pinged the moment he stepped out of the bathroom, his orange towel wrapped around his shoulders and used to wipe his face to dry his face, he moved the towel to his head so he could dry his hair as he went towards his phone and check on the message that was on his phone.

-- texanTactician [TT] began pestering technicalGigabyte [TT] 6:35 AM --

-- technicalGigabyte [TT] is offline! --

TT: Yo

TT: Lil bro

TT: When youre done with your obnoxiously long showers hmu

TT: Also Rox wants to let you know you did great with Henry

TT: They found him where you left him

TT: So good job with that

TT: P.S. Love ya

-- technicalGigabyte [TT] is online! --

TG: ew incest gay

TG: also tell rox thanks

TG: the guy was mostly all talk and no bite but he had some pretty good aim when he wasn't blubbering and pissing his pants, almost got me

TG: obviously i'm fine since if i wasn't you'd know anyway and be hounding my ass

TG: i probably just should've let someone else deal with the douche but he was a mouthy motherfucker that insulted rosie, rox 'n you

TG: also also fuck you my showers are great and you fucking know i earned this one

TG: i'm checking out the suite you booked me, job's done and i'm heading home

TG: tell the girls i love em

TG: incest gay love you too bro

-- technicalGigabyte [TG] ceased pestering texanTactician [TT] 7:45 AM --

TT: Ass

TT: <3

-- texasTactician [TT] ceased pestering technicalGigabyte [TG] 7:46 AM --

Derrick grinned, unplugging his charger from the wall before setting it aside so he could continue drying off himself. He had to change clothes and pack up, the suite his brother booked him was great and all but he'd rather be at home now that he was done with his personal little trip.

Though he wanted to go home, he wasn't in a rush and ordered some breakfast.

As he waited, he turned on the television, lounging back on the comfy couch of the luxury suite room- ah, there were perks to his and his family's business and this was one of them. It was luxurious and he wouldn't mind staying permanently but he'd preferred home. It would get too lonely on his own here. He was too used to being pestered daily by his family after all.

The blond man propped his legs on the table as the news started, he smirked and upped the volume a bit.

"--urs last night, the body of Henry Jackson was found in the dumpster of his building. The employee had found him while taking out the trash before he left, finding the battered and dead body of his boss the moment he opened the lid. Police identify his possible cause of death was either strangulation or--"

Derrick snorted, "Nah to strangulation, I mean sure I choked him out pretty bad but that blow to the head was great." He commented to himself, watching and listening to the news reporter report the state of his latest victim- he really probably should have ordered someone else to do it but he had been in the area and he hadn't like Henry anyway. Plus, if you insulted his family, you were bound to get in his bad side, not many people survived his bad side.

He lowered the volume of the tv when his door was buzzed, it was the breakfast he had ordered earlier on.

The blond murderer hummed as he went back to lounging on the couch, then he switched news channels, getting a bit bored over hearing his own work.

"In other news, the newest victims to Chesire Hunter was sixty-eight year old Terrance Morrison and his forty-seven year old son Phillip Morrison, was found in their condo of the twentieth floor. As always, a limb as well as an organ this time, from both bodies are found to be missing--"

He rose a brow, listening intently. Chesire Cat was a serial killer to the public but Derrick knew that Chesire was also a freelance hitman slash assassin, capable of doing assassination jobs, hit jobs with top stealth. No

one knew who they were, nor how they were able to get to the places they could get into to do their jobs but they were really efficient and professional, not to mention interesting.

The way they killed was different, either being mauled by what looked like a wild animal, claw marks left digging into the bodies or sliced apart, and they always took one limb, be it an arm or a leg or maybe even something internal. It was just a quirk that was noted by everyone.

D had thought about hiring them before but decided not to, Chesire was picky and an unknown, D rarely hired anyone he didn't know on a good level and Chesire was really enigmatic and D, being the paranoid man he was, didn't trust Chesire at all. Maybe someday they'd hire and possibly meet Chesire.

He certainly respected and admired the guy for his masterful work, not to mention he wondered on how the fuck they got into the places they got into. The twentieth floor was really high and there was no sign of them breaking in or sneaking in, granted the security cameras could be tampered with, which they were but they were on the inside of the condo and there were no clues that a suspicious figure snuck into the building.

Chesire was a stealthy motherfucker, and he hoped to one day meet and possibly face him.

Hours earlier, in another location...

"Mooom, Dirk won't let me touch the arm!"

"Daaad, Dave keeps pestering me about the arm even though he wasn't the one to cut it off."

"Boys behave and stop playing with the arm."

A pair of widened horror and tear-filled eyes watched the two younger boys bicker and the one adult in the room went to interrupt their bickering.

There were three blonds in the living room of the condo, the condo owned by the pair of widened horror-filled eyes, said owner was currently tied up on the couch. His name was Phillip Morrison and he had just watched the three blonds kill his father and cut off his arm. And the worse of it was... Two of those blondes were *teens*.

They looked to be twins but they were dressed differently, one was dressed in red and black and had circular black goggles on his face and the other was dressed in black and orange and had a visor-like goggles on his face.

The third blond was an adult, but he couldn't tell what their gender was and the twins weren't making things easier calling them separately as both 'Mom' and 'Dad'. But the adult was dressed in black, green and orange and also had circular goggles on their face. Whoever they were, they were a monster, having instructed the twins to kill off Phillip's father and cut off his arm.

They didn't even bat a lash or protest, the one in red, 'Dave' quickly proclaiming dibs to kill the old man making the one in orange, 'Dirk' curse and grumpily declare he'd get the arm. But afterwards Dave had wanted to touch and play with the arm, which led to Dirk firmly declining and the two brothers bickered.

Deilos sighed as he took the severed arm from Dirk's hands, "That's enough you two, you know we have a job to do." He reminded firmly, poking at both Dirk and Dave's faces. Dave pouted at him while Dirk merely grunted, trying to hide his identical pout. "Good job though Dave on slicing the neck, clean, efficient, just as I taught you. And Dirk, the arm was cleanly severed, nicely done." He told them making them beam much to the terror of the tied up man on the couch, he screamed into the gag, wriggling and trying to escape.

Dirk glanced over at him, looking slightly irritated, "Oh shut up." He snapped at the man before turning back to Deilos, "Hey Dad, can I kill him? Dave got to kill the old man." He asked, looking at expectantly at Deilos. The man froze and started whimpering, looking pleadingly at Deilos who ignored him.

"Sure, use the claws, I'll start dismembering the old man." He told Dirk with a soft smile, giving Dirk a soft kiss on the forehead and handing him his claw gloves, "Try not to get it stuck in the body this time." He teased, patting Dirk's head before moving on to the old man's dead body. "Oh and aim mostly for the stomach, he has a couple of good kidneys we can sell."

"Yes Dad."

"Oh, oh, Mom, can I help? I want to decapitate the old man, I've always wanted to decapitate someone."

"Haha, sure Dave, I'll show you how to do it."

Phillip's face turned green as he heard the conversation between Deilos and Dave, they dragged his father's dead body slightly to a open part of the living room. Though his face turned pale and sweaty as Dirk casually walked up to him, glasses glinting in the faint light of the lit lamps, putting on a set of gloves, Dirk made a first and rolled the wrist of one hand and a set of sharp blades came from the knuckle of the gloves.

Dirk's face was emotionless as he faced Phillip, listening half-heartedly to his father instruct Dave on how to properly decapitate someone. "You've made a lot of enemies Mr. Morrison, you and your dad were really popular from where we heard you." He said casually, stopping in front of him, Phillip couldn't believe he could be *this* scared of a thirteen year old boy. "Most importantly enough though... You made an enemy of *me*." He said darkly, the blades of his claw gloves pointed at Phillip's chin, poking the skin and pricking it. A small droplet of blood traveled down the middle blade.

Phillip was scared witless and was also confused, looking at the teenage boy with feared, confused and pleading eyes.

The orange and black-wearing teen smiled, it was a fully fake smile, "A few days ago when my brother and dad went to scope you and your dad out... Dad was dressed so pretty in his skirt and blouse, I don't usually approve since it gets the attention of scum like you- which it *did*. Remember? A few days ago, you were out in the cafe with your fiance, you saw my dad in his

red skirt and white blouse." Dirk hummed, pushing his goggles up to show off his cold orange eyes. "It would've been fine if you were alone and that you only *looked* at Dad. But you had the gall, to *grope* him when your own *fiance* went to the bathroom." He hissed, pressing the claws a bit harder against Phillips chin.

The man's eyes widened with realization and yes, he could remember that incident- That murderer was that chick in the skirt back then?! No wonder the blond seemed familiar! Then- the twins were the kids the woman had as well? The ones with the circle and triangle glasses?!

Dirk smirked, "That's it, now you remember.... If it weren't for the fact you groped my Dad, I would've actually killed you quickly and painlessly." He said, suddenly putting even more pressure against Phillips chin- the claws digging into the other's skin making him cry out, "Now though?" He let out a dark chuckle as he then went to drag the claws down Phillips neck, leaving a long red line behind.

Over with Deilos and Dave, Dave rose the sword above his head and *swung*-

They both watched the sword go through the neck with no problem, the head rolling over and falling with a wet and hard *thump*. Blood gushing from the stump of the neck. Dave beamed and looked at his mother with admiring eyes underneath the goggles, "I did it!" He state proudly, grinning up to Deilos who smiled and ruffled his hair.

"You sure did chicky." He said in return, "Now hand me my sword, I'll do the rest." Dave obediently handed over the sword, glancing over to see Dirk torturing the younger Morrison. He smiled sadistically, the man deserved it for groping their mom.

Hours later found Deilos, Dirk and Dave preparing to leave, standing on the balcony of the condo with Dirk handing his laptop to Deilos who had it disappear into his sylladex.

"Nice job boys, looks like we're done here." Deilos hummed, nodding at their work. "Time to head home."

Dirk smiled, "Yes." He agreed before let out a tired yawn, "Man, what time is it now?" He asked, aiming it at his twin.

The red-eyed Sprite didn't miss a bit, "It's two-thirty-six." He answered, a yawn followed afterwards.

Deilos hummed, "Yeah, definitely time to go. Come on kids." He said, opening his arms. Immediately Dirk and Dave went to hug him and Deilos wrapped an arm around both boys waists, after making sure both Dirk and Dave were clinging to him properly, he climbed the balcony ledge... and jumped off.

Dave and Dirk laughed as they fell, showing no fear as they felt the wind in their faces- the goggles really came in handy when it came to that. Deilos grinned and let his wings free from his back, turning their fall into a steady glide which turned into actual flying as Deilos flapped his wings to gain altitude. They left the condo, all evidence of their existence aside from the bodies and blood were gone. Dirk had taken care of the security footage with the help of the special laptop that was sitting in Deilos' sylladex.

They would arrive back 'home' at a certain apartment, all three blondes tired and went to bed after cleaning up slightly.

Dirk and Dave slept by Deilos' side, each underneath a wing that blanket them.

They would sleep till afternoon.

-- snakeByte [SB] began pestering combinedTails [CT] at 1:39 PM --

SB: hey dee you up now?;

SB: nice work on terrance and phillip, love what you did to phillip;

SB: can barely recognize him anymore;

CT: B33 < thanks

CT: B33 < gotta admit though

CT: B]] < phillip was dirk's handiwork

CT: B]] < i'm very purroud

SB: no kidding;

SB: training your little psycho brats into psychomurder brats;

SB: not bad;

CT: B33 < yep

SB: nice;

SB: how long you staying?;

CT: BPP < not long

CT: BPP < we'll be mewving in a couple days now that the jobs ofur.

CT: B33 < how goes the dex building and got any new missions for me?

CT: B33 < prefurably long term or somefang, near a school since dirk and dave need to be learning and i'm f33line like settling for a nip and all

SB: ah;

SB: well i want to kill a few more shitheads with the matter of the sylladex;

SB: fuck you and thank you for showing me that as always;

SB: but i think i'm close to a breakthrough;

SB: and sure let me look on your request list;

SB: and for maps;

SB: i'll tell you tonight;

CT: B]] < purrfect

A couple of weeks later...

"Good morning students!"

The students didn't really pay attention to the teacher, but what they *did* pay attention to, was the two new students that came through the door. Two blondes wearing sunglasses strolled in, looking bored and emotionless in the fact of the class crowd.

"These are our two new temporary students, Dirk and Dave Sprite."

A certain pair of blond twins, one with lavender eyes and the other pink, glanced at each other at the familiar looking males.

This was certainly interesting.

Chapter End Notes

No. Restraint. Whatsoever.

Also, this might be just my excuse to write gore and psychokiddos. I hope you enjoyed! Bye guys! See you next chapter!

Sprite Family

Chapter Notes

As always, I'm not leaving this story with one chapter for long. After this, it'll be thrown into the waiting list with the others :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Davepeta stayed silent as they looked on at what was happening with a tense look. Perched on a horizontal metal beam, hidden from sight and blended into the darkness of the night. It was easier to hide now that their skin was no longer flashing like an epileptic lightshow, their eyes and wings had yet to stop flashing though but luckily they could hide both their eyes and wings.

Their shades hid their glowing eyes and the strange ability they had gained in hiding their wings into their back as a cool-looking tattoo. It was handy as fuck and made blending in, either into a crowd or into their surroundings, all the more easier.

*They stayed silent, eyes narrowing from underneath their shades as they watched on what was happening beneath them on the bridge. Their hackles raised and they gritted their teeth to prevent a hiss from escaping their throat. They watched the group of men below them surround the one blond man- teen, **he** was only a couple of years older than them right now.*

"..."

"..."

"..."

They couldn't really hear their conversation even with their superior hearing, there was too much wind blowing and they were too high up to

hear it completely. They could catch a few snippets though and it didn't help the situation whatsoever. 'Teach a lesson', 'Fucked', 'Payback', 'Strider'.

It was the last one that obviously had them very tense at the moment as the blond m-teen that was surrounded by the burly, mysterious and very suspicious-looking men was their Bro- his- Dave's Bro. Only a lot younger. And he looked really roughed up, missing those familiar triangle shades and glaring defiantly at the men even though he was on the edge of the bridge with his hands behind his back and his body beaten bloody red and bruising blue.

A few days ago they had thought they had somehow went back in time after facing Lord English, fairly sure they had died via mouth-beam of death but somehow survived and were sent to the past? The reason they thought they had been in the past was because of Bro himself, having saw him passing by one day and almost couldn't believe it. But that theory was quickly shot down as they found out more about the situation they were in, and after following Bro and subtly stalking him.

This was a different universe.

An alternate one where there were two Striders, David Strider and Derrick Strider. Alpha Dave and Beta Dirk. But not really.

Seeing the grown up version of their Dave-half, looking and seeming more like the Post-Scratch version of Dave, it had been honestly been mind boggling, even more so when they found out that David was married to Rose's mom, Roxanne Lalonde and was suspiciously close to Roxanne's sister, Roxy's mom, Rosaline Lalonde.

It was strange to see them like that, where both Lalondes were twins, B-Derrick and David were different ages.

And it seemed that Roxanne was pregnant as well and Davepeta was fairly sure on who would be popping out of her stomach when the time came.

But right now, they weren't focused on the fact that they or any of Dave's siblings was currently growing in Roxanne's abdomen, they were focused on

the fact some group of men had kidnapped Derrick and were holding him hostage. Davepeta hadn't been paying attention, stalking Derrick as he headed home on his own earlier that night and the next thing they knew Derrick was being shoved into an inconspicuous car and driven to somewhere else.

It had taken Davepeta a while to track them, having to stop by and call the police as well as David in a payphone to inform them of what happened before taking off to find Derrick and keep an eye on things.

The urge to interfere grew as things started escalating, turning from a hostage situation to what seemed like a downright murder attempt.

Davepeta had already informed the police as well as David as to the bridge and was mentally wondering what the fuck was taking them so long to get here-

*They're eyes widened as one of the men shoved Derrick **off the bridge--***

*They didn't even hesitate, hissing as they jumped off the bridge to try and catch him before he fell to his **death. not again. dammit not agai-***

Deilos let out a deep breath as they woke up, panting silently and heart hammering.

Shit.

They hadn't had that dream in a while now...

"Morning dad."

"Morning mom."

"Morning chickadees." Deilos yawned, pushing against the bed to see their sons -even after a decade that seemed strange, a nice kind of strange though- by the bed, seemed like they had woken up before them this time.

They stretched slightly, feathers fluffing up in the process, Dirk and Dave didn't say a thing, letting their mother-father stretch out.

Afterwards though with Deilos retracting their wings, Dirk spoke up, "So, which is it today?" He asked, he and Dave looking expectantly at Deilos. Deilos looked amused and thoughtful as they sat up, patting down on themselves, they hummed.

"I'm thinking... Mom today." She answered, stretching a bit more and smirking when Dirk let out an annoyed huff while Dave sent him a smug grin, wordlessly, Dirk handed over five bucks to Dave who coolly accepted it and pocketed it. "Time?" Deilos asked after that, the twins always had a bet, every day they'd guess which gender Deilos would prefer and the winner would get five bucks or maybe something else if they didn't have five bucks on them. But despite the gender preference, they always referred Deilos whichever parent label they wanted to call them, it didn't really matter to the three anyway, it was just a simple label that justified Deilos' position as their parental guardian.

Though usually Dave stuck to 'Mom' while Dirk stuck to 'Dad' respectively, occasionally changing it up whenever they felt like it, they rarely decided on what to call their esteemed father-mother.

"All packed up boys?" Deilos asked after yawning again, climbing out of bed and grabbed her shades from the bedside table.

"Yep."

"Yeah."

The twin blonds chorused as they followed after her to the living room and kitchen, "I made breakfast this time." Dirk told her, though his face was passive, Deilos could pick up the proud tone in his voice, "And I didn't burn the pancakes." Dave huffed and punched his brother in the arm.

"Shut up, they still turned out okay." Dave muttered, perking up as Deilos ruffled both their heads, "Mooom, we just styled our hair." He complained but made no move to bat the hand messing with his hair away, Dirk was in the same boat.

"Not my fault you kits have such ruffly fur on your heads." Deilos retorted with a grin, "Now come on, we're eating breakfast then I'll shower and we can head our way out of this place." She told them, heading towards the kitchen table to eat Dirk's homemade breakfast. Out of the three of them, Dirk was probably the best in cooking, both Deilos and Dave could cook just fine but when it came to homemade cooking, they definitely preferred Dirk's cooking over theirs.

Dave grinned, "Yes! This place is too cramped for us, the roof of the apartment barely has any room to strife and spar in." He said, quickly getting to the chair that he had long claimed as his since they had first come to the apartment they were temporarily renting. "Where are we going next? What's the objective? The next place we get should be bigger, or at least have a nicer neighborhood. The old man next door is creepy as fuck, are you sure we can't make him have an 'accident' or whatever the shit?" He asked in rapidfire.

Dirk wasn't without his own questions, he was just slower and more reserved than Dave, always the most composed out of the two of them. "We going to a more populated place or less populated place? How long are we going to stay?"

"Slow down chicks, and for the record Dave, no, we aren't going to arrange some 'accident' to the old man next door. As creepy as he is, he hasn't really done anything against us now did he?" Deilos pointed out to Dave patiently, the red-eyed twin pouted but eventually sighed and accepted his mom's words. "Now for the other questions, Mallek says the area is fairly populated, we're going to live in an actual house this time and we're staying for half a year- shh, let me continue, the house doesn't seem that bad since of course Mal chose it and the objective there is... for you two shits to go to school while I work."

Dirk and Dave stared at their parental guardian who wasn't bothered by their stares whatsoever, having gotten used to their staring- she had raised them goddamit and she had faced way scarier opponents to be affected by their stares, other people would be unnerved but she was cool as ice. Mentally, she counted out in her head and accurately timed their reaction.

"What?!"

"Fuck, not again."

Dave exploded while Dirk groaned.

"You heard me, you're both going to be going to school in the local area while I handle most of the work." Deilos replied patiently after swallowing the pancake. She looked very amused by her words and by the identical irritated looks she garnered from her adopted sons.

Dirk groaned again, slouching against the table and nearly faceplanting against the pancakes, though he didn't do it since the syrup would stick to his shades and he really didn't want that. "This is bullshit dad, we don't need to go to some stupid school." He grunted, scowling and viciously stabbing at his pancakes, probably imagining it was a faceless body he was stabbing. Or rather, not faceless, just yesterday night they had killed off that old man and his son so their faces were fresh in his mind, Phillip's especially.

"Whyyyy? Why do we have to go? Can't we just continue being all homeschool and shit? We can help with your work! And even if we can't then just leave us home to do self-study, strife or spar! Don't punt us into the public American schooling system it sucks!" Dave pleaded his mother, pouting and going as far as to push up his shades to give Deilos his patented Sprite puppy dog eyes.

Deilos was impressed but unmoved. "I know you two can help, and I will have you help from time to time but this mission is better done alone for most of it. I promise I'll have you and Dirk help when it comes to it but I'm not changing my mind on the school thing. I know you kits are smart, my genius little kittens really, but I can't really afford you guys staying alone at home while I'm out for most of the day. None of the others are available or nearby to baby sit you two before you can ask, Konyyl is in the countryside hunting after that one motherfucker that pissed her off and tried to hurt her boyfriend, Nikhee is going on a training trip to the Himalayas for a few months."

And Mallek was always too busy to look after the twins on his own so she didn't have to mention him.

"We don't need babysitters, dad, we're thirteen." Dirk told him sternly, trying to look stern as well and to others he very well may be looking stern but to Deilos he only looked like a disgruntled and dissatisfied kitten. *Her* disgruntled and dissatisfied kitten. "For fuck's sake dad, we just killed two men last night!" He reminded, he most certainly *is* pouting despite what he would say in his defense.

Dave nodded in agreement, dropping the puppy dog look when he realized it wasn't going to work this time. "Yeah! I cut off a man's head off!" He said proudly, smiling at his achievement and still proud.

Deilos was proud too, but she merely snorted at the two of them. "My little genius and murderous kittens or not, you're both going to school. You're both thirteen and even though you're psychotic murderous assassins in the making, you're going to socialize. Also it'd be too eye-catching to have you two stay home and be homeschooled." She told them with a pointed look.

Both twins scowled, understanding her point but still, "You can't send us to school, remember last time?" Dave still protested.

Deilos adopted an irritated expression and gave Dave a stern look, "Last time had you punching that kid, and while he deserved it what did I say?" She said strictly, Dave dropped his protesting face and looked down at his pancakes with a slightly ashamed look.

"Never give the first shot, wait for the prey to make its move first." Dave repeated softly with a frown. "The asshole deserved it, phobic motherfucking asshole." He muttered, crossing his arms and looking away. Dirk was sympathetic since he had quickly joined the fight after it had started and he actually approved, somewhat, he patted his brother's back as he did so.

It had been last year when they had tried out the schooling thing again, though they hadn't stayed as long since Dave had gotten into a fight his classmate who had been mouthing about him and Dirk, which was fine initially but then Dave heard the bastard mouth off about his mom, naturally he couldn't let that pass and he had *tried* to just threaten him lightly with a

few words but then the idiot had called Deilos a few more unsavory words and Dave had lost it.

Throwing the punch first and ending up into a giant fight that had Dave and Dirk breaking noses and limbs. Naturally they had escaped the fight with only a few bruises, their parent had taught them well of course and they weren't as idiotic as to completely kill off their classmates but it still ended up in a bloody and bruised way. For the other boys that is.

Dave and Dirk had almost ended up expelled, the only reason they hadn't was because of Mallek's influence and the fact after the fight happened they had decided to move away. It had been an irritating incident for Deilos, though they had been quite proud privately. If a bit disappointed that Dave had thrown the first punch over some words. Which was understandable but still.

Deilos couldn't really remember being that emotional during Dave's age, back when *they* were Dave but then again...

Their childhoods were entirely different.

This Dave didn't have to deal with the constant bombardment of violence, the tense sensation of being on guard at all times to deal with one near-inhuman motherfucker...

Deilos shook his-*her* head. The Dave part of them was acting up again.

Anyway, back to the point. Her Dave was admittedly a bit more emotional and impulsive than she was at his age. Dirk on the other hand was more composed and controlled, though that was to be expected since he *was* Dirk and... a version of *him*.

Raising the twins had been an experience, a bizarre but enjoyable experience.

How she'd gotten the twins in the first place...

Deilos huffed, flicking the remaining droplets off of her claws. Looking around, she ignored the bodies that surrounded her in the warehouse and went towards the crate at the sidelines. She crouched to look at the wooden box and after hesitating for a minute, she used her hands to pry open the crate, peering inside.

Small sobs met her ears, previously muffled from the box being closed. Her guarded heart wavered at the sound of young sobs and at the sight of the two blonde toddlers, around three or four years of age, huddling in the box, pressed against the other side of its wall. The red-eyed toddler was crying freely, clinging to his orange-eyed brother who was trying to keep silent but was also crying, hugging him back.

Both their eyes looked at her with slight fear, "Hey, it's okay, I'm not going to hurt you." She cooed at them, voice crooning. Normally she'd be slightly embarrassed at the fact her voice did that little thing but right now she was focused on the two scared little toddlers.

Their fear was replaced with confusion and curiosity, obviously the croon had gained the attention. Seeing that, Deilos didn't hesitate to make more bird-like and cat-like noises, smiling as she slowly coaxed the two of them closer to her.

She was surprised though when baby Dave reached for her, obviously wanting to be picked up, after a moment she complied and picked him up. And instantly afterwards, Dirk wanted to be picked up as well, she had no choice but to comply and soon she had two toddlers in her arms, poking at her face curiously but thankfully no longer scared.

Deilos smiled, a satisfied purr escaping her and delighting the two toddlers.

Dave had already surprised her once, he surprised her twice when he suddenly spoke. "Kitty mama!" She almost faltered and dropped both toddlers at that, Dirk certainly didn't help when he added his own two cents.

"Birb daddy."

Well, that was a whole other story for another time.

She didn't have time to think back to it right now.

"That's right. This time, you two better not *cause* trouble this time." Deilos told them sternly then grinned mischievously, "But be sure to finish anything that was started." She whispered quietly.

They grinned with her, though they were still against being enrolled in a school filled with other *normal* kids, they at least enjoyed the fact that their guardian didn't oppose to them fighting *as long* as they didn't cause the fight or throw the punch first. After all, you couldn't really fault them for defending themselves.

But hopefully it wouldn't come to that and Dirk and Dave could just get things over with. They were expecting on making their own entertainment in school.

Looks like they won't have to do that for a while since things would *really* get interesting in the following months to come.

A couple of weeks later...

TT: I still find this little tidbit of information interesting.

GT: Really? I don't, it seems kind of useless to me rose but if you find it interesting then at least you found a use for it i suppose.

GG: Jake any information can be utilized if used and planned efficiently.

GG: The fact that our math teacher is interested in certain students for whatever reason is indeed interesting.

GG: ms. kelly is interested in which students???

GG: please tell me if i'm one of them, i would rather not be involved with her if you guys have her in your sights ://

GT: should i plan a prank for her?

GT: can i?

GT: i want to use the stairs in the east wing of the school this time.

GG: John don't use the stairs on the east wing, it's near my baking club!

GT: but jaaaaaaneeee

GG: :///// no one answered my question!!!

-- tipsyGnostalgic [TG] joined the memo! --

TG: whats up my peeeeeeps!!!

TT: Hello sister.

GG: Hi Roxy :B

GT: Roxy! Good morning! :B

GT: hi roxy :B

GG: roxy!! hi!! :BB

TG: lmao bucktooth dweebs

TG: ilya <3333

TG: oh yea did u guys hear about the fact we got new ppl joining this shithole???

GG: The transfer students?

TG: ye those ppl

TT: Ah, I almost forgot about them.

TT: But yes, I am fairly sure we all heard about the transfer students.

GT: pretty weird they're joining in the middle of a semester and the year

GT: i wonder how they are

GG: hopefully they're okay!
GG: like, not bad people at least

GG: Any information on them Roxy?
GG: No doubt you already hacked into the student data base since you're bringing this up.

GT: And on the subject on hacking into the school's data base...
GT: Roxy???

TG: i gotchu jakey
TG: pmed the link to u

GT: Many thanks my dearest friend!

TG: welx ;]]]
TG: and ye i got into the base all haxxor like and
TG: funniest and most interestin thing happened

TT: Oh?

GT: what funniest and interesting thing???

TG: i have no idea who they are

TT: *Oh?*

GG: What?

GT: My that is interesting!

GG: :000

GT: our resident hacker girl has no idea who these guys are
GT: yep funniest and interesting thing X))

TG: shh johnny
TG: but yeah, the information i got from the base didn't really do much.
TG: i only know their names and ages

TG: they didn't have pictures with the weak and suspicious excuse of 'haven't got their picture taken'

TT: Weak excuse indeed, if they hadn't had their picture taken they could have used an older picture.

TT: What are their names? Their age? Which grade are they transferring into?

TG: weird names, and familiar though.

TG: they're johnny and janey's age and they should be in our class rosie.

TT: Hm, and their names?

TG: dirk and dave sprite

TT: ...

If Rose had thought the names of the new transfer students had been strangely familiar, they had almost shared the names of her father and uncle, then the actual transfer students themselves were... *very surprising*.

"These are our two new temporary students, Dirk and Dave Sprite."

The two transfer students were twins, their faces seemed identical though their eyes were hidden by strange sunglasses, Dirk was wearing triangular shades while Dave seemed to prefer more circular ones. Alongside their shades, their hair styles were different so it was easier to differentiate them and their clothes were different colors but were the same style. They were slightly different mirror images of each other.

And of Rose and Roxy's father and uncle.

Suspicious, interesting and surprising.

Rose and Roxy glanced at each other, having a silent conversation before looking back towards the two strange males that looked so much like their family members. Rose faintly remembered their father admitting that Rose

and Roxy had two other siblings before, but they had died in a kidnapping gone wrong.

...

Rose was doubting the ending of that kidnapping now.

She and her sister wanted to observe Dave and Dirk some more but unfortunately the teacher had sent them to their new seats which were somewhere behind and away from the twin sisters. Their only chance to observe them would be later on after class or maybe during their other classes that they would share with the twin brothers. Though, over the course of the starting class, she and Roxy could feel identical stares at the back of their heads which seemed to disappear whenever they looked back to find who was staring at them.

It seemed that they weren't the only ones who recognized a set of twins.

TG: oh shit what the fuck are *they* doing here

TG: did mom know theyd be here???

TT: I don't know.

TT: But for now settle down.

TT: Can't really afford to gain any more interest than we already have.

TT: Dad said she'd put her phone on silent today so we won't hear from her until she gets home.

TG: dammit

TG: fine

TT: Kinda interesting to see them now though.

TT: Our little sisters.

TG: maybe

TG: but if they're here then

TG: you know who should be here somewhere in the area

TT: I don't know whether or not dad knows, or even Mallek but hey.

TT: At least we saw some of our bio-family in real life.

TT: Our twin little sisters are enough though, we should try to avoid seeing the others.

TG: actually think we can use this excuse to move again or maybe even get out of school

TT: Possibly.

TT: Again, we'd have to wait to talk to dad first.

TG: aight

TG: just gotta stay cool and calm

TG: and away from our little sisters

TG: they seem pretty cool too

TT: It's to be expected, they're our little siblings.

TT: Even though they weren't raised by dad, they'd be a shoe-in to being cool.

TG: fair nuff

TT: Mhmm.

TT: Man, not even the first class and I'm already bored.

TG: good thing mom managed to convince mal to make us our ishades

TG: no getting caught with our phones

TT: Fuck yeah.

TT: Think Mal will finish copying dad's sylladex?

TG: maybe

TG: i bet he'll be done in a month

TG: he did say he was making progress

TG: and he did spent like a whole year on it

TT: Ten bucks he finishes it in two months

TG: fifteen

TT: Deal.

TG: \$\$\$

Chapter End Notes

And done!

Next chapter we got the Sibling Strilonde sort of secret family reunion! Maybe.

I'm still trying to get everything done before the month ends, updating stories, making one shots, I really fucked myself over with the amount of stories I have on my plate XD

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!